

Death Of A Bachelor

by vangogh-kid

Category: Supernatural

Genre: Drama, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 00:35:47

Updated: 2016-04-14 00:35:47

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:29:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,507

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if Sam left hunting to live in a normal life and get married? What would happen one night between Castiel and Dean at his bachelor party? XXDestielXX XXShortFicXX

Death Of A Bachelor

_Slowly he walked down the dark steps, tracing his arm against the sleek wooden banister, his hand curving with it. His brilliant blue eyes focused on the ground below. Smoothing the top of his dark hair he anxiously wondered whether he appeared lonely with no one to talk to. The lanterns strung about here and there cast deep shadows across his face, leaving him hooded with an air of mystery. So much about him had changed throughout the year and Dean couldn't help but find himself intrigued with this man he thought he had known. Brushing past passerby's, Dean walked over to the man, a smirk plastered on his face. _

_ "What's a guy like you doing all by himself?" Dean flirted. Castiel's eyes flicked up to his, an expression of shock spread on his face. Pulling himself to sit up straight, the angel cleared his throat._

_ "Deanâ€¦ I didn't expect to see you here." Was all that he managed to get out. It was a remarkably stupid thing to say considering it was Sam's bachelor party. It was a small bachelor party, nothing crazy was going on since Sam was usually the moreâ€¦ reasonableâ€¦ brother. _

_ "Right I forgot cause Sam and I aren't close at all." Dean joked. A faint tint of red was visible on Castiel's cheeks. He loosened his tie nervously, avoiding eye contact with Dean. "What d'ya say, I challenge you in a game of pool. Loser buys drinks." He challenged. Castiel knew there was no possible way he could beat Dean at pool, but, he couldn't stand letting him down. _

_ "Sure." He managed to get out. He didn't know how Dean managed to

make him so nervous but something about him just tied his stomach into knots. Dean expertly set up the game, aligning the pool balls into perfect order with ease. Dean slid two cue sticks out of their holders and tossed one to Castiel who stumbled over and barely caught it. He straightened up to see Dean grinning out of the corner of his eye and a small smile slid over his face. He loved it when Dean smiled. _

_ After about 10 minutes, Castiel dropped his cue stick on the pool table in defeat. _

_ "I knew you would win." He mumbled, smiling. Looking up to Dean, he noticed the smirk on his face._

_ "What can I say, I've done a lot of traveling, which means a lot of bars, which means a lot of pool." Leaving the sticks on the table, the two men headed over to the small bar in the corner of the room, currently empty. Sam and most of his friends had gone out somewhere to pick up more food. Castiel pulled out the spare change he had been given in return for helping a lady carry her small fridge to her apartment, and proudly placed it on the table for the bartender. He didn't have money often and was glad to spend it on Dean. He felt a strong hand on his arm, though the grip was soft. Looking over, he met Dean's eyes. _

_ "Cas, it's fine. I forgot you don't have much money being an angel and all. I got this one." Castiel reluctantly slid the dollar bills back into his trench coat pocket, biting his lip. He noticed Dean taking interest of this and blushed slightly. The two men sat down, sipping their beers, laughing like old college friends, but they were so much more than that. Dean loved the sound of hearing Cas' laugh because he knew how strange it was for angels to have feelings, yet here he was laughing his head off, grinning. The taller man couldn't stand the suspense anymore and decided to take a chance and be spontaneous. Extending his hand, he watched Cas lift his blue eyes to meet his green. Carefully, Castiel returned the affection, grabbing Dean's hand and intertwining fingers. The angel blushed and Dean's heart skipped a beat, as he looked down at the floor. _

_ Together they walked outside, the stars glimmering in the night sky. Dean traced his fingers along the collar of Cas' trench coat smiling at how long he had kept it. Through everything Cas had been through, he still had that stupid coat. It was like a part of him now. He was wearing a fitted inky black tux underneath it to match the tie he had left inside while playing pool. The two stood in the night, the silence not awkward but peaceful. The only other noise was that of a small fountain, that could even be described as slightly melodious to the ear._

_ "Cas" Dean began, but didn't continue. He couldn't continue. He didn't know what to say. He hadn't known he would get this far. All these years his love for Castiel had grown into something much more than just close friends and he didn't know Cas would feel the same. Here he stood, the love of his life holding his hands and smiling at him. He didn't know how this night could get any better. But in that moment, everything sank._

_ A rattle from the parking lot nearby shook the two out of their thoughts. They dropped their gaze and slowly loosened their grip on each other's hands, gazing out into the dark street. All of a sudden

the car alarm starting screeching, the lights flashing brilliantly, partially blinding Dean. He could make out a figure running away, a bag in his hands. _

_ "Hey!" Dean yelled, sprinting after the man. That was HIS impala. Whatever that man had taken, it was important, and it was his. Quickly he caught up to the thief, tackling him to the ground, Castiel close behind, ready to fight. Dean rolled the man over and pinned him down, his arm against his throat. "Who are you?! What did you steal from my car?!" he yelled. The man choked and kicked his legs. Dean loosened the grip. "Answer me!" he yelled. _

_ "I'm not alone." The man choked out, a small smirk on his face. A scream of agony pierced the air from behind, a glow emitting onto Dean. To his terror he turned to see Cas, with a knife speared straight through his chest. Blood dripping onto the concrete below, the knife was quickly pulled out of Cas afterwards by the killer.

_

_ "NO!" Dean screamed. With one blow he knocked the man out beneath him and turned only to see Cas' killer sprinting away into the night, too far to be bothered with now. "CAS." Dean rushed over to the angel's side as Castiel doubled over on his knees. Dean knelt in front of him, choking on words as he propped the angel up. "CAS. Cas come on buddy you're gonna be ok." Dean repeated into his ear. Tears began to fall down his cheek as he watched his friend struggle for breath. Laying him on the ground, Dean leaned over him, his tears rolling down his face and falling onto Cas' trench coat. Dean gripped the coat with one hand and pressed down on the wound with the other. "Casâ€¦ Cas you're gonna make it ok?" He had already shouted for help and the few people inside were calling for an ambulance but he knew it was too late. Sam wasn't back yet and he didn't have anyone to help him. Pulling Cas up, he leaned the angel's failing body on his chest. _

"_Deanâ€¦ don'tâ€¦." Cas managed to get out. He didn't want Dean to be burned when he died but he knew there was no persuading him out of it. Dean held his friend even tighter, tears trickling down his face.

_

"_Castiel please. Don't go." The silence that followed was unbearable. Yet Castiel pulled the strength from within him to mutter his last words. _

"_Deanâ€¦ it's ok." With that, Dean watched as Castiel heavily exhaled his last breath, the air turning white due to its warmth. Dean held Cas there until the ambulance showed up. He held him even when his wings scorched a blazing scar onto his chest that would be there for the rest of his life. He could bear the physical pain for Castiel because he loved him. He would do anything for Cas if it meant getting him back. But he was gone. The ambulance took him away and Dean was left alone on the dark street. _

_Turning behind him, he went to pick up the package the thief had taken. Pulling out its contents, he threw it in rage to the ground before he collapsed, crying. It was a pocket knife, and a small store-bought cake for Sam. Castiel was gone because of a stupid cake. And it was his fault. _

_Slowly, he picked himself up and trudged inside. He didn't have the

strength to be angry. He didn't have the strength to cry. He justâ€¦
stood there. Looking around the empty room, he noticed the pool table
and squeezed his eyes shut. Castiel's tie was still laying there from
earlier, left alone in the dark._

end

End
file.